

green

&

gold



1949

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WRHS ALUMNI ASSN



We, the class of 1949, dedicate this yearbook to our senior class advisor, Miss Bernice Hinchey, to show our appreciation for her untiring efforts in our behalf.

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

THE GREEN AND GOLD MAGAZINE
Published by
THE SENIORS OF THE WEST RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL
West Rutland, Vermont June 1949
Volume XXII Number 1

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VALEDICTORY

NON CONFECTUS SED INITUS---NOT THE END BUT THE BEGINNING.

Our commencement night, 1949, and our four years of high school now lie behind us. We are turning to face the life for which we have been prepared during our school days.

Tonight we wish to express our deepest gratitude to our patient teachers and kind parents whose help has enabled us to reach an important milestone in our lives.

In the popular sense, a graduation exercise is regarded as the end. Truly, it is the end of our four years of academic pursuits, and for many, the end of all formal education. But for all of us, whether we continue our education or turn to the business world, we are all actually facing the real beginning of our education.

We must now go forward, each facing the individual problems that life presents and solving them in the best manner at our command.

From this night on we will be working to obtain the personal goals which we have set for ourselves. We realize, that regardless of our chosen professions, the future ahead must contain hard-work, setbacks, success, and hardships. We are determined to do our best, knowing that we will receive great satisfaction and compensation in the realization that what we have done, we have done to the best of our abilities.

We on this platform tonight are filled with an ardent and fervent desire to conduct our lives in such a manner, that we will be an honor to those who have trained and led us.

We will always look back with longing to these high school days now past, but we will constantly keep before our minds the knowledge that everyday life will teach us many things. Realizing this, tonight is truly, "NOT THE END, BUT THE BEGINNING."

SALUTATORY

This evening it is my enviable privilege to welcome you--our parents and friends to the commencement exercises of the Class of 1949 of West Rutland High School.

For each and every individual member of the Class of '49 this is a momentous occasion. For our parents it is the completion of one fond hope--to see us successfully complete the first phase of our preparation for the life ahead. With them we share the pride of having been able to reach this goal, and their share in our initial victory must be recognized.

Having reached this milestone, we realize that each new day will bring with it a new problem, a new experience. But that degree of success which we attain will be greatly our own individual responsibility.

We appreciate the understanding assistance, encouragement, and interest that you have given us. We trust that we may always merit the sacrifice that have been made to make such an occasion as our commencement, a memorable one.



EDITORIALS

"VENI, VIDI, NON VICI"

The title of my essay was inspired by Julius Caesar's famous remark----"Veni, vidi, vici"----I came, I saw, I conquered; translated into reasonable English my essay title means----I came, I saw, I didn't conquer!

First let me say that I never could understand how such a very cultured, intellectual, and civilized group of people as the Romans ever became involved in the Latin language. It's beyond me. However don't think I begrudge the old Romans their language. All I want to know is why school-children of today have it forced on them? When Rome got around to declining and falling it would have been a splendid blessing if Latin had declined and fallen with it.

Caesar meant, when he said "I came, I saw, I conquered," that he conquered countries. I meant, when I say "I came, I saw, I didn't conquer---Latin." The same old Latin that's been hanging around and getting green with age for centuries.

I started out all right; I even thought I might enjoy the language. Now a little verse like "Brittania est insula" is harmless enough. It's even rather cute. This, it so happened, was the first sentence I learned and the only one I can remember.

From Brittania we went into a phase of Latin which was a bit more complicated--"The romance of the declined rose". It went something like this--Rosae, rosae, rosam, rosimus, etc. (Note the catchy meter.) This was supposed to be a model noun.

After the shrieks of delight subsided our teacher said that we would also have a few little things called (remember the name) "verbs". These would be a little more exciting as their endings wouldn't be quite so stodgy. I remember sitting there taking it all in, my pulse beating madly, and saying to myself, "Latin's going to be a song, nothing to it." As it turned out for me it would have made a much nicer dirge.

We were told that anyone who was anyone had a good Latin background. All sorts of fields, our illustrious pedagogue said with a straight face, were open to the boy or girl who could work over a Latin passage or two. We were shown beautifully tinted charts describing such things as----"Why Latin is Important In The Following Professions: Plumbing; Deep-sea Diving; Street Cleaning; For Bachelors; Train-Conductors; Seamstresses; Coal-Miners; Fuller-Brush Salesman; etc.

Every morning we would come panting into Latin class, fresh and eager to learn-----and would leave, flushed with the knowledge that we had learned something that would make us "better men and women". Every morning we chanted verbs, and tacked endings onto anemic and needy nouns. We learned many valuable things-----so many they escape my mind at present.

One of the most fascinating bits of continuity in the whole book was the story of Fulvia and her Pecuniam-----Here is the gist of the tale: "Once upon a time (olim), there was a girl named Fulvia--Fulvia had money (pecuniam) (Accusative Case). Fulvia also had a sister (soror, sororis, sororitur)....name of Cornelia. (The book was always rather vague about Cornelia but I think it's safe to say she was Fulvia's sister.) She also had a brother, Marcus. It seems Cornelia was something of a vagabond and was continually leaping from Hispania to Hibernia---to Africa,---in short, she traveled a lot. Marcus had a lamp (luna), of which he was passionately fond, and Fulvia, dear soul, had money. Now her father (no name given) was a good man (boni viro)---he was loved very much (amat very much) by all his children. They wrote him letters continually. (Some of Cornelia's are quite interesting.) Fulvia was just a little odd---she never could hold onto her money. We were continually reading of Fulvia giving her money to Cornelia, or Marcus, or to her father. Day after day she'd shell out her crumbly old pecuniam to her family and occasionally to her friends. "Fulvia dat pecuniam to everybody." But don't get the idea she always dat money--oh, no---occasionally, when she was in a playful mood, she would heave a rose at someone. (For further information on roads see page one.) But after a while she disappeared (broke no doubt) and we heard no more about her.

Thus ends the story of Fulvia--she vanished, with her family, just before the arrival of the second declension and it's accompanying horrors. It was really sad now that I think of it. What couldn't Horatio Alger, or Oliver Optic have done with her. Can't you see the titles---"Fulvia the Glad Girl", "Fulvia Faces Life", "Cornelia's Other Sister", "Ragged Fulvia, Afloat and Aloft". But Fulvia was gone and probably ended her young life selling magazines in the streets of Rome. I'll always remember her.

The second declension arrived with templo-templum-templi, representing the noun faction and porto---our first verb. It was in this section I began to lose footing. With Fulvia gone I suffered a severe blow---and Latin had little left for me.

Grammar was the most important phase of our Latin course---but apparently the editors of our Latin book thought it would be nice if we learned something about the early life of the Romans and something about their culture. We were exposed to many delicious pictures: reproductions of sculptures depicting nymphs and fauns sporting in Roman gardens; Caesar's invarious towels and bathrobes; a Roman maiden (it might have been Fulvia) in a rather indecent posture, without any arms (she probably chewed her nails); actual photographs of chariots, shields, spears and many articles; the racy story of Pompeii's exhumation---complete with shocking pictures taken on the spot by an alert reporter. But of all this cultural material I

remember one picture very vividly. It was a mosaic (bits of stone thrown together to look like a picture) with a dog on it---written under the dog were the words---"Cave Canem". This means, "Git! We got bow-wow!"

We learned all about gladiators and chariot races and the Roman forum with Cicero, Seneca, Vigoro, Enema, and Ciatica, and Ettu and Brutus and many other characters. Romulos and Remlus were pictured with a wolf in a rather silly pose. The teacher, practically in tears, described how they were sent up the river in a basin and taken in by philanthropic wolves; how they got together one day and decided to discover Rome; how they had a slight disagreement and became one less---and finally how Remlus named Rome after himself---thus originating the old saying "all roads lead to Rome".

Rome was built on seven hills---Palatine, Equiline, Clothesline, and Sweet Adeline---it grew into a rather large town, teeming with people. No matter where a person started from in those days one always ended up in Rome....so you see it couldn't have been very exciting.

The Roman aqueduct was quite a piece of machinery, too. It was a pipe which supplied the Roman populace with water, when they weren't drinking something else. (On second thought I guess I have it confused with the Circle Maxumun.) It is still in existence, which is supposed to be pretty wonderful. In fact, we were told, many Roman constructions are still used. (There is a Roman bathtub in London which is open to the public for bathing on Wednesdays from one to two and when it rains, ask for Mrs. Freemish, which was built by Caesar for his wife as a subtle hint.)

After my second excursion thru the wonders of Latin I--- I embarked on a new adventure beginning in September, 1947-----Latin II.

Anyone would think I had a passion for the language.

If I remember correctly the first gentleman we became acquainted with in Latin II was a chap named Hercules. He was a Mr. Wimple's wife twice removed and just as strong. As a child he sat on a snake and smothered it, which I didn't think too remarkable. He got in bad with some king (Catharsis or Cathartic I can't quite recall the exact name), and had to go chasing off to all parts of the world for penance. He cleaned messy stables and picked apples and held up the world for a while (he would have made a good Grange member). Aside from that he wasn't much.

We all worked hard on our translations. I'd better amend that---THEY all worked hard on their translations; and when it came time to give up Hercules we did it gratefully expecting something a little more risque and exciting. Jason was it and he wasn't. The only thing worth remembering about Jason is that he fell in with a wrench named Medea, but even that wasn't as bad as we would have liked it to have been, because, according to the book, their "Relationship was purely Platonic"---(I must look up the facts on that some day.) She and Jason met their respective fates---how I've for-

gotten----and we launched into our last struggle with Latin---the translation of Gaius Caesar Gallic Wars.

"After Caesar we would have no more fears.

Daily we translated and recited; daily Caesar got worse.

We got panicky---we formed "Anti-Caesar Societies" and burned him in effigy---it was useless.

Everyone is acquainted with the phrase "Omnia Gallia est divisa in partes tres" -but how many people realize the sorrow and painful drudgery these words introduce. No one who has reason Latin can hear these words without quavering. The war with Ariovistus, the quelling of Vercingetorix, the invasion of the British Isles---all these victories for Caesar were defeats for me. I had been creaking along feebly enough to here---but the Gallic Wars administered the "coup de grace" to any faint hopes I had of making a good thing of Latin.

However much we hated to think of it, June was approaching and before we could be unshackled for the summer----finals. The day came and went---I passed---everyone else got good marks.

There's no more to say---My Latin experience can be summarized pretty well in this little bit of verse.

Latin is a Language
I didn't like a little bit---
It did a job on the Romans
But look what I have done to it!!!

William Rice

"MY HOME TOWN"

In the heart of the scenic Green Mountains, in southern Vermont lies the little town of West Rutland. It truly is a small town and like all other typical New England towns, is hardly visible on the road map. It lies directly in the midst of a range of mountains, evenly distributed across a colorful valley and picturesque surrounding hills. I must also mention the swamp which runs across the middle of the whole town and one might say it separates it in two. This marshy bog adds much color in the summer and provides a good home for the croaking frogs. In the winter months, it serves as a skating rink. I will endeavor to tell you why I am proud to call this little West Rutland, "My Home Town".

West Rutland, Vermont, has a population of about three thousand consisting of average men and women, common laborers and a few business men. Most of the common laborers are employed within the town or in many adjacent towns. Much of the land is used for farming and the rest serves to fortify the area with room for small and big businesses, such as gas stations, grocery stores, factories

and such.

The principal industry is marble from which West Rutland has acquired the name of "The Marble Town". The marble is mined in the two enormous quarries in the east side of town. It is then taken to the mills and cut into the required sizes and sent to the finishing shops where it is waxed, cut, carved, and polished into different designs, shapes and sizes. Here many beautiful statues, church altars, monuments, window frames, fireplaces, pillars, door pieces, marble floors, steps and stairs, ash tray stands, cigarette boxes, and many other items are made. The Vermont Marble Company which owns these quarries and shops employs about fifteen hundred men.

Maple sugaring is also taken up by the townspeople. The maple tree, our state tree, is very abundant in the mountains surrounding West Rutland. Maple sugar, delicious syrup and candy are some of the products derived from our sugar maple.

The town is supervised by a group of selectmen who take the place of a mayor. These men are elected by the townspeople for abilities and political background. We have three of these officers who are very capable in this field.

The town meetings are held in our town hall which is conveniently located in the center of the business section of West Rutland. The hall also serves as an appropriate place for high school plays, dances, club and lodge meetings. It is supported financially by the town treasury which renders its upkeep, repairs, and the janitor.

Situated on Main Street, the best looking length of street in our town, is the West Rutland High School, of which the students, faculty, and the townspeople are very proud of. It was erected in 1929 by local contractors and laborers who used for the outside material, white marble with all its beauty and endurable qualities quarried in West Rutland. It is three stories high and accommodates in the vicinity of five hundred students. According to the number of boys attending, which in our school is a considerably small number the laws of Vermont classify us as a "B" school in the sports field.

We have a principal and eight faculty members, the school being managed through a board of directors elected by the town voters. In terms of education, we have two courses of study; one to prepare the students for college or university and the other to start out in business.

Our school takes part in three major sports in state high school competition, namely: football, basketball, and baseball. For the past five years, West Rutland High has not been turning out a championship football team, due to the lack of weight and height. Although our boys have competed against rough and tough opponents, their West Rutland attitude does not allow them "to say die". They often surprised a big team and had them running ragged around the gridiron. Thus, the saying "surprises come in small packages" well describes our school's football teams. The coach must depend on

speed and brainwork to make up for the lack of brawn. Football practice usually starts on the first day of school, and the "bravest of the brave" don their garb and tear up the gridiron for three months.

There is no doubt what basketball is the sport of sports at our school. Practice starts about two weeks after the football curtain is lowered. Our teams are usually small but because of their speed and ability, these Hinchey coached boys are always a threat to even the most powerful class "A" teams. For four consecutive years the West Rutland team has won the State Championship which shows that basketball far excels the other school sports. Our squads often must overcome height and stability in their opponents, yet they have shown up well on the basketball floor.

Baseball could be compared on the same basis as football for we have very few diamond enthusiasts in our school. However, as a sport which demands skill, baseball gives our boys a better chance to show their abilities.

We have a weekly newspaper called the "Green and Gold" which is published and printed by the students whose co-operation and literary talent make it possible. The senior class also edits an annual yearbook consisting of a summarized outline of all their activities throughout their four years of study.

Our churches are not large but very lovely buildings. We have St. Bridget's Church which was erected from West Rutland marble and is situated on a hill away from the town, very convenient for the inhabitants who live on the outskirts. Located right in town is the St. Stanislaus Church. It is constructed of brick and set off by a grove of maple trees. The Sacred Heart of Mary is a small wooden structure and has a symbolic crucifix adjoining the entrance. The Swedish Church, a wooden building, is conveniently located in the center of town. Its chimes which flow out at different times of the day are very inviting and restful.

These churches to me are the most beautiful and attractive buildings in the world and add to the beauty of my town. There is always a cherished memory of that quaint little church on the hillside which remains with us for always and is mostly referred to as 'my church' in one's home town.

And there it is-West Rutland-my home town. A town to which one is so attached to that no other can take its place. It is a town in which you know everyone and everyone knows you-a great big family in a great big home working together to make it what they want it to be. One that they will remember and always be proud of.

Notable men all through history have contributed their philosophy as to the value of knowledge about one's home town. For instance, John Cotton Dana, a great librarian said, "good citizenship springs from a knowledge about one's own community". And one of our great presidents, Abraham Lincoln, stated: "I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that

his place will be proud of him."

West Rutland is a peaceful little nook between many mountains where I have lived since the day of my birth. It is probable that no place exists in the vast expanse with more natural opportunities, for outdoor sports and recreation and no other place rests on the finest bed of marble to be found on earth.

I like this town because of its sheer simplicity, educational opportunities, customs, fresh unequalled country air, tranquillity and occupants, location and scenery, and last, but not least, because it is my home town of which I am deeply proud and will do everything in my power so that someday it may be proud of me.

Stanley Smyrski

"A FIGHT FOR PEACE"

Peace! The word sounds great, doesn't it? What is peace? What is needed to secure this cherished word? What must we do in order to keep this much desired peace in our homes, factories, schools, etc? Altogether we must pitch in and fight the many evils that are hovering over our country today. What are some of the evils you say? There are many of them; so many, that we must do all that is in our power to keep them away from our country, our children, and our children's children.

One evil is communism. What is communism? It is a gadget used by the Russian people to destroy the peace that we the people of the United States so firmly stand for and believe in---the peace for which our boys fought and died. Ask any Gold Star mother. She'll tell you what it means to lose her son; the baby whose kisses and embraces and first steps were moments of sunshine to her; the boy she sent off to school every morning; the boy with whom she spent most of her time---time to straighten out his troubles, small ones as well as big ones. Can you realize the hurt that was in her heart when she received word that her son was killed in battle? Can you imagine how heartbroken she was, the tears she shed, the nights she lay awake thinking that he would never come back to her? He now entered another world, in a sense he is dead, to us he is never dead; he shall live on in spirit, in our hearts and souls, in his mother's mind, both day and night. This mother is proud of her son because she knows that his sacrifices are not in vain---she knows now and sees that we are a free country and can do as we please. She also knows that we must do everything in our power to keep this evil of communism away from our portals, for we are the people who love liberty.

Communism doesn't stand for liberties we enjoy. The state runs everything, your job, the schools, the church(if any); in other words, it runs you, your life. The individual is a slave to fear and the power of a few. We wouldn't want this thing to happen to us, would we? That is why we must fight now, more than ever, to keep

this "communism" away from our homes and children.

As we walk along the street on a sunny morning we see children playing in their yards, happy, carefree, and well-cared for. They have no worries, no troubles, no hard feelings in their heart towards anyone---these children live in America; their fathers fought and died to keep them this way. Now let us walk along the streets in Russia on a nice sunny morning. We see children also, but, these children are not so happy as the ones we have previously seen. They are not laughing; they are not thinking of their own future; they are the children of Russia working for Russia. This is communism.

Another evil that we must fight is prejudices toward people of different religions, people of different races and nationalities. This evil is prevalent in this country to a certain extent.

When this country was first founded, people from all over the world came over to live here---people of different religions, nationalities, and races. These people came to America because they wanted to live as they saw fit, to worship God as they pleased. They came here to America because they were not allowed to practice their own religion in their mother countries. These pioneer days included hardships and sacrifices. Many times they desired to stay in peace but instead they had to go to battle to protect the liberty they wanted and cherished. Many times a great many lives were lost; this did not stop our forefathers. THE FIGHT HAD TO GO ON!

Repeatingly, we experienced attempts to shatter our democratic ideals. There was someone who wanted to rule the whole world. He tried so hard to conquer Europe and other parts of the world for himself. He tortured people, put them into concentration camps, burned them alive. The day came soon and the United States was ready to help Europe out, to keep her from falling into the hands of this monster who tried to capture the whole world for himself. We finally succeeded not only to conquer Hitler but also Japan who wanted to destroy the peace we enjoy here in our United States.

When the American boys went to war against these war mongrels they weren't asked their race, religion, or nationality. They went on to fight side by side, all together, as people of the United States should and did. Wouldn't it be a mixed-up affair and dangerous one if all of these boys instead of fighting together branched off individually into their own groups and nationalities as well as religions? The war would never be won, instead we would have another war, a war here at home, a war among ourselves. Our nation would certainly have been weakened and become a possible victim to the greediness of Hitler.

If each and everyone of us thought over the conditions previously mentioned carefully, we would have no fear of communism taking the government over and any other fear of this kind. Such evils are easy to start but what does it take to end them? How many people are tortured and killed? How many people suffer? Thousands of them unknown to the world. How lucky we are to live here in these United States in peace and goodwill. How long are we to live

in this peace? As long as we protect it, as long as we don't listen to anybody who is trying to separate us from this peace we so desire. There are a few people spread around here and there in the United States as salesmen of communism. They come to us, the peace loving citizens of our country, to sell us their idea of a perfect government. Some of us many listen to them; some of us may not. Those people who listen to these communistic salesmen almost fall overboard for them and buy their ideas. In the crowd of listeners there always is a fellow who knows what is right for him, knows what he wants and how he wants it. Let us call this person Joe. Joe listens to the salesman carefully, he wants to know what he is selling, what his ideas are. Then, all of a sudden, he shouts out, "Don't listen to this man; he is trying to ruin everything you have, the peace you cherish, the ones you love; he's all mixed up, don't listen to him." The crowd listens to Joe's talk. Suddenly they decide that Joe is right. What Joe says is right. Joe is for the right way of living. Hurriedly the crowd disperses, leaving the salesman to go and peddle his medicine elsewhere, not in America. We want peace.

Supposing we are the crowd listening to the salesman and there are a great many Joe's in that crowd. Wouldn't we do the same thing? Wouldn't we listen to this talk? "NO". If each and every one of us thought these things over carefully, this would be a better world to live in for us, for our children and for our children's children. A country without communism and racial or religious prejudices is God's country. If it is God's country, fortune smiles upon it forever, peace lasts forever. So let's get in there and make it a "FIGHT FOR PEACE"

Theresa Siwicki

WANTED!

Alan Anderson
 Maurice Bartlett
 Marie Berg
 Gen Budnicki
 Betsy Covalt
 Pauline Duskiewicz
 John Fitzgerald
 Barbara Flory
 Mike Godek
 Theresa Kapusta
 Theresa Kaszuba
 Walter Kramarz
 Bob Kupferer
 Lucy Lee
 Bernice Lincoln
 Edmund McCormack
 Jane Orzech
 Henry Pawlaczek
 Stella Pawlaczek
 Bob Phalen
 Jane Pilch
 Jack Putnam
 Theresa Reczek
 Bill Rice
 John Rosmus
 Sam Sabatino
 Stanley Salengo
 Barbara Sevigny
 Theresa Sivicky
 Stan Smyrski
 Antoinette Tade
 Henry Wasik
 Joe Wasik

Fun
 Another year of sports
 A future--?
 More interest in music
 A permanent home down here
 More understanding
 A Chemistry set
 Another four years, first
 A Toni permanent
 A better chance at sports
 A man
 Blood-thirsty news for writing mysteries
 A "steady"
 Someone to make up her mind
 A noisemaker
 Bow ties
 Prizes for Typing
 A U.S. Navy uniform
 A trap---for Harry
 Wheaties, to grow up
 A diary
 Roller skates
 A telephone
 A girl
 A W.R.H.S. diploma
 A year's supply of Alka-Seltzer
 More attention from girls
 More time
 A sure way to Pittsford
 A '40 Pontiac
 Recorder for her jokes
 New interest in life
 Trip to Bennington

Betsy Covalt
 Lucy Lee



A.H. Anderson
E.F. Covalt
M.L. Godek

M.J. Bartlett
P.D. Duskiewicz
T.G. Kapusta

M.E. Berg
J.E. Fitzgerald
T.M. Kaszuba

G.A. Budnicki
B.J. Flory
W.A. Kramarz

Alan Henry Anderson
General "Swede"
Class President 1; Glee Club 1,
2,3,4; Football 3,4; Boys State;
G&G News 3,4; G&G Mag. Production.

Maurice Joseph Bartlett
Latin "Hap"
Basketball 3,4; Football 4;
Baseball 3,4; Glee Club 3,4; G&G
News Sales 3,4; Production 3,4;
Headings 3,4; Reporter 3,4; G&G
Mag. Sales, Production, Business
and Circulation Editor;
Athletic Play Stage Manager 3.

Marie Ellen Berg
Commerical "Bergie"
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
Fashion Show 1,2,3; Home Ec.
Club 1,2; Librarian 2; G&G Mag.
Typist.

Genevieve Agnes Budnicki
Commerical "Bud"
Freshman Reception Committee;
Baseball 2; Basketball 1,2; Glee
Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2; Fashion
Show 1,2; Cheering Squad 2,3,4;
Librarian 4; Class Prophecy; G&G
Mag. Foto Editor.

Elizabeth Francis Covalt
Latin "Betsy"
Basketball 2; Fashion Show 2;
Home Ec. Club Sec. 2; Softball
2; Glee Club 2,3,4; Concert 2;
Secretary and Treasurer 3;
Cheering Squad 3, and 1/2 of 4; G&G
News Sales 2; Production 2,3, 4;
Typist 2,3; Reporter 2,3,4; G&G
Mag. Feature Editor, Literary
Editor, Typist, Production;
Class Pastimes; Class History;
Librarian 4.

Pauline Dolores Duskiewicz
Commerical "Skip"
Basketball 1; Baseball 2; Glee

Club 1,2,3; Concert 2; Fresh-
man Reception Committee; Fashion
Show 1,2; Cheering Squad 3,4;
G&G News Typist 3,4; Reporter 2;
G&G Mag. Foto Committee, Typist,
Production; Class Will; Librarian
4.

John Edward Fitzgerald
Latin "Lovoy"
Freshman Reception Committee;
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
Vice-President 3; Library Super-
visor 4; G&G News Production 3,4;
G&G Mag. Feature Editor, Prod-
uction; Class Will.

Barbara Joan Flory
Latin "Barbie"
Basketball 1,2; Softball 2; Home
Ec. Club 1,3,4; Home Ec. Tres. 3;
Fashion Show 1,2; Glee Club 1,2,
3,4; Concert 2; G&G News Editor
3,4; Sales 3,4; Production 3,4;
Typist 3,4; Reporter 3,4; G&G Mag.
Typist, Chairman of Foto Commit-
tee; Dance Committee; Library
Supervisor 4.

Michael L. Godek
Commerical "Butch"
Glee Club 1,2,3,4.

Theresa Genevieve Kapusta
General "Terry"
Freshman Reception Committee;
Basketball 1,2; Glee Club 1,2,3,
4; Concert 2; Fashion Show 1,2,
3; G&G News Sales 4; Typist 4;
G&G Mag. Typist.

Theresa Mary Ann Kaszuba
General "Tootsie"
Basketball 1,2; Softball 1, 2;
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
Home Ec. Club 2,3; Fashion Show
1,2; G&G News Editor 4; Sales 3,4;
Production 3,4; Cartoons 4; Typist
4; Reporter 2,3,4; G&G Mag. Foto
Editor, Production; Librarian 4.

Walter Albert Kramerz
 Latin "Pet"
 Freshman Reception Committee;
 Prize Speaking winner 1; Glee
 Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2; Foot-
 ball 1; Basketball 3; Athletic
 Play 1,2,3,4; Senior Play; Class
 President 2; Class Treasurer 3;
 Librarian 3,4; G&G News Editor
 4; Sales 3; Production 2,3; Report-
 er 1,2,3,4; G&G Mag. Asst.
 Editor, Feature Editor, Business
 and Circulation, Production; Class
 History; Class Moto; Librarian 2,
 3,4.

Robert Henry Kupferer
 Latin "Shan"
 Basketball 1,2,3,4; Football 1;
 Baseball 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,
 2,3; Concert 2; President 3;
 Athletic Play, Stage Manager 3,
 4; G&G News Editor 3; Sales 3,4;
 Production 3,4; Reporter 3; G&G
 Mag. Sales, Business and Cir-
 culation Editor, Production;
 Class Festimes.

Lucy Beatrice Lee
 Latin "Lou"
 Salutatorian; Honors; Home Ec.
 Club 1,2,3,4; Fashion Show 1, 2;
 Basketball 1,2; Soft-ball 1,2;
 Cheerleader 2,3,4; Co-Captain 3,
 4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
 Librarian 3,4; Athletic Play 2,3,
 4; Senior Play; G&G News Editor
 3,4; Sales 1,2,3,4; Production 1,2,
 3,4; Typist 2,3,4; Reporter 1,2,3,
 4; G&G Mag. Feature Editor
 Literary Editor, Typist, Photo
 Editor, Production, Class Al-
 phabet; Dance Committee; Music
 of Class Song.

Bernice Clara Lincoln
 Commercial "Bernie"
 Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
 Home Ec. Club 1,2; Fashion Show
 1,2; Librarian 2; Girls State;
 DAR Girl; G&G Mag. Typist.

Edmund Joseph McCormack
 Commercial "Ed"
 Freshman Reception Committee;
 Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
 Basketball 1,3; Football 1,2,3;
 4; Asst. Manager 4; Boys State;
 Athletic Play 4; Senior Play;
 G&G News Editor 4; Sales 3, 4;
 Production 3,4; Reporter 1,2,3;
 G&G Mag. Sales, Business and
 Circulation Editor, Production.

Jane Theresa Orzech
 Commercial "Jane"
 Basketball 1,2; Baseball 1, 2;
 Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
 Home Ec. Club 1,2,3,4; Treasurer
 4; Fashion Show 1,2,3; Librarian
 4; G&G News Typist 4; G&G Mag.
 Typist.

Henry Francis Pawlaczyk
 Commercial "Henk"
 Basketball 1,2,3,4; Football 1,
 2,3,4; Concert 2; Class Sec-
 retary 1; G&G News Production 1;
 G&G Mag. Production.

Stella Pawlaczk
 Commercial "Sporty"
 Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
 Freshman Reception Committee;
 Fashion Show 1,2; Home Ec. Club;
 Vice-President 2,4; Librarian 4;
 G&G News Typist 3; G&G Mag.
 Typist, Presentations.

Robert Joseph Phalen
 Latin "Bob"
 Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,2,
 3,4; Football 1,2,3,4; Glee Club
 1,2,3,4; Concert 2; Soloist 2;
 Athletic Play 2,3; Senior Play;
 G&G News Production 3; Reporter 2,
 3,4; G&G Mag. Sales, Business and
 Circulation Editor, Production;
 Dance Committee.



R.A. Kupferer
 J.I. Orzech
 J.C. Pilch

L.B. Lee
 H.F. Pawlaczyk
 J.C. Putnam

B.C. Lincoln
 S.I. Pawlaczyk
 T.S. Reczek

E.J. McCormack
 R.J. Phalen
 W.R. Rice

Jane Catherine Pilch
Commerical "Janie"
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Fashion Show
1,2; G&G Mag. Typist.

John Charles Putman
Commerical "Putty"
Basketball 1,3; Football 3,4;
Baseball 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,
3,4; G&G Mag. Production.

Theresa Sophie Roczek
General "Tessy"
Freshman Reception Committee;
Fashion Show 1,2; Home Ec. Club
2,3,4; Secretary 1,2; Glee Club
1,2,3,4; Concert 2; G&G News
Typist 3; G&G Mag. Typist; Li-
brary Supervisor 4.

William Robert Rice
Latin "Will"
Freshman Reception Committee;
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2;
Soloist 2; Prize Speaking 1, Win-
ner 2; Athletic Play 1,2,3, 4;
Senior Play. Librarian 3; Libr-
ary Supervisor 4; G&G News Ed-
itor 3,4; Sales 1; Production 1,2,
3,4; Cartoons 1,2,3,4; Headings 2.
3,4; G&G Mag. Co-Editor, Art Ed-
itor, Typist, Production; Class
Moto; Class colors; "ords of
Class Song; Class Poem."

John Joseph Rosmus
Commerical "Hic"
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; G&G Mag. Pro-
duction.

Samuel Valentine Sabatino
General "Sabay"
Basketball 1,2,3; Football 1,2,3;
Glee Club 1,2; G&G Mag. Product-
ion; State Championship team 2,3;
Class B all tournament team
captain 3.

Stanley Anthony Salongo
Commerical "Tanny"
Basketball 3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4;
G&G News Production 4; Reporter
3,4; G&G Mag. Production.

Barbara Ann Sevigny
Valedictorian; High Honors; Glee
Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2; Fashion
Show 1; Home Ec. Club 1, Vice-
President 2, President 3,4; Class
Vice-President 1; Softball 1;
Prize Speaking 2,3,4; Athletic
Play 2,3,4; Senior Play; Librar-
ian 3,4; Library Supervisor 4;
G&G News Editor 3,4; Sales 2,3,4;
Production 1,2,3,4; Typist 3,
4; Reporter 1,2,3,4; G&G Mag. Co-
Editor, Production, Typist; Moto
Committee.

Therese Helen Siwicki
Commerical "Therese"
Baseball 1,2; Glee Club 1,2,3,4;
Fashion Show 1,2,3; Home Ec.
Club 4; G&G News Editor 4; Car-
toons 3,4; G&G Mag. Art Editor,
Foto Editor; Color Committee.

Stanley William Smyrski
Latin "Stan"
Football 2,3; Baseball 3,4; Glee
Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2; Librar-
ian 3,4; Athletic Play 4; Senior
Play; Class President 4; All
Marble Valley Honorable Mention
4; G&G News Editor 4; Production
3,4; Reporter 3,4; G&G Mag. Sales,
Business and Circulation Editor,
Production; Presentations.

Antionette Marie Tade
Latin "Toni"
Basketball 1; Softball 1; Glee
Club 1,2,3,4; Concert 2; Fash-
ion Show 1,2,3; Home Ec. Club 2,
Secretary 3; Librarian 3, 4;
Athletic Play 4; Senior Play;
Class Secretary 4; G&G News Ed-
itor 3,4; Sales 3,4; Production 2,
3,4; Headings 3,4; Typist 2,3,4;

Reporter 4; G&G Mag. Typist,
Foto Editor, Production.

Henry Albert Wasik
Commerical "Jughead"
Basketball 1,2,3,4; Football 1,
2,3,4; Manager 1,2,4; Glee Club
1,2,3,4; Concert 2; Quartet 2;
Athletic Play Stage Manager 3,4;
Senior Play Stage Manager 3,4;
Class Treasurer 4; Marble Valley
All-Star football team 3; G&G
News Production 3; G&G Mag.
Sales, Business and Circulation
Editor, Production; Dance Com-
mittce.

Joseph Anthony Wasik
Commerical "Khaki"
Freshman Reception Committee;
Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 4;
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; G&G News
Sales 1,2; Production 2,3, 4;
Reporter 2,3,4; G&G Mag. Product-
ion; Class Prophecy.



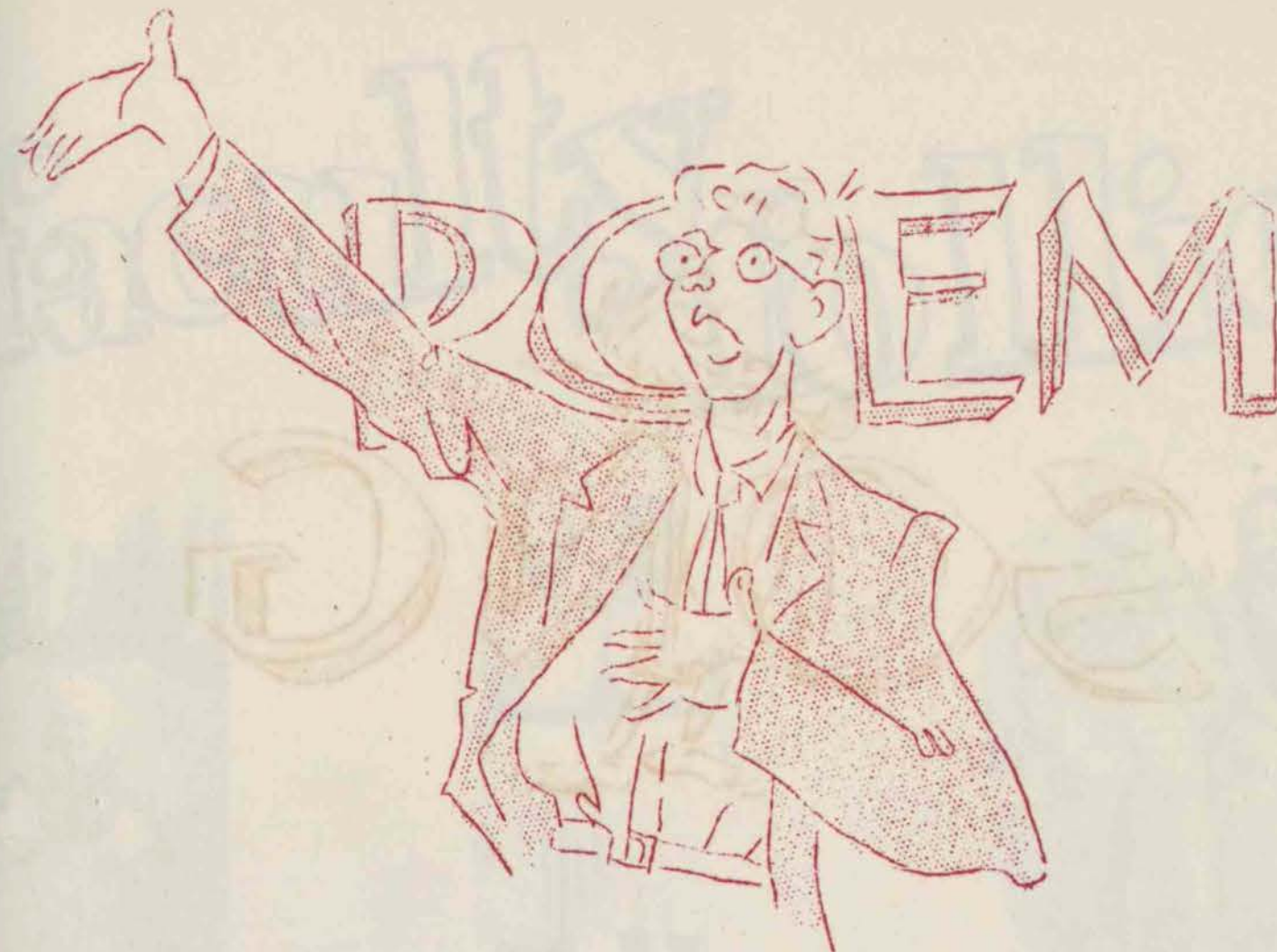
J.J.Rosmus
T.H.Siewicki

S.V.Sabatino
S.W.Smyrski

J.A.Wasik

S.A.Salengo
A.M.Tade

B.A.Sevigny
H.A.Wasik



A TRIBUTE

A class poem, according to tradition,
Is supposed to be a very formalized rendition--
Of all the high thoughts that one can find,
To say goodbye to four years of "improving the mind."
"We bid farewell to dear teachers and friends--"
That's how a class poem usually ends...
This year it won't end quite that way--
Instead this is what we'd like to say:

Our Class wants to make sure in getting through,
That one man in particular gets his due--
This man is known to everyone,
For all he's doing and has done.
This man--our friend, teacher and coach--
Has a place in our hearts none can approach;
For twenty-seven years he's watched graduations,
And seen others like us enter occupations--
So Mr. Hinchey--for that's his name---
Has a perpetual place in our Hall of Fame!!



We leave you now--four years have passed,
Our parting day has come at last.
Four years we've studied, had fun on the way,
Now we've arrived---Graduation Day.

-CHORUS-

West Rutland High, West Rutland High,
Mem'ries grow dearer as time goes by.
In days to come we'll have much to do,
But in our hearts, we'll honor you.

This tune we dedicate to you,
Now that our high school days are thru.
Our days spent here leave us memories so fine,
Remember we left in '49.

Words-Bill Rice
Music-Lucy Lee

faculty follies



how's tricks?



cute couple



vacationing



howdy!



comrades



sunday best

HISTORY



On September 7, 1945, after a wonderful summer vacation, an entirely new group of young people, boasting eight years of grammar school, entered the huge marble building, WEST RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL, which would for the next four years take up most of their time. We, that particular jittery group of students, made up the freshman class of that year.

The seniors were very happy to have such a prize group of meek students enter the high. They spent most of their time scheming and preparing for Freshman Reception.

The Freshman Reception was enjoyed by all--even the freshmen. No one was reported injured in any way after that hilarious night, and for a whole week following we were susceptible to the pranks and trickery of the mighty upper classmen. That week went by quickly and we, the new freshman class, were ready to settle down to do some hard studying.

Class elections were held and our first class officers were:

President - Walter Kramarz
Vice-President - Barbara Sevigny
Secretary and Treasurer - Stella Pawlaczyk

Football season rolled along and a number of the freshman boys went out to show their skill on the gridiron. These brave classmates were Edmund McCormack, Bob Phalen, Henry Pawlaczyk, and Jack Putman.

Later the Freshman Basketball Team put on a wonderful display of hoop warfare and were runners-up in the Freshman Tournament.

The freshman year led from one discovery to another. Play try outs were held and our class was represented by Walter Kramarz and William Rice in the play, "Almost Summer."

The Prize-Speaking contest climaxed the freshman year with two members of our class, Walter Kramarz and Bill Rice participating. Walter Kramarz came forth with "Mrs. Schnickelfritz und Der Four O'clock Train" - a dialect monologue, which emptied the seats and filled the aisles. After this oration there was little doubt that "Pet" was due for first prize, and he upheld the honor of the class by walking away with the award.

* * * * *

The summer vacation came and went. Back we trudged for our sophomore year, much older, and a bit wiser, and a little superior in rank.

We had a wonderful time initiating the bewildered freshman, taking revenge on them for what the upperclassmen did to us the previous year.

Two girls, Lucy Lee and Genevieve Budnicki, from our class were chosen to be on the Varsity Cheering Squad.

Football season drew nigh and again our class was represented by Phalen, McCormack, Putnam, and Pawlaczyk. The season was a rugged one with no humiliating loss of prestige, station, or the like.

After a number of hard-fought engagements on the football field, it was time to put up the pigskin and concentrate on basketball. Our sophomore team was quite successful and again this year they were runners-up in the sophomore tournament.

The squad, with such stars as Hank Pawlaczyk, Bob Phalen, and Bob Kupferer defeated Ludlow in the semi-finals of the sophomore tournament, but lost to Rutland in the finals by a very close score.

Class elections were held at this time and the following officers were elected:

President - Walter Kramarz
Vice-President - Theresa Reczek
Secretary and Treasurer - Henry Pawlaczyk

Successful in the try-outs for the Athletic Play were Bill Rice and Walter Kramarz, Bob Phalen, Lucy Lee, and Barbara Sevigny. The name of the colossal production was "Don't Take My Penny", under the supervision of Mr. Robillard.

A procession of weary youth, "Hunchbacks of West Rutland High" was seen as exam time approached--shoulders sagging with books, pencils, erasers, compasses, rulers, notebooks, and dictionaries.

Baseball season arrived and our sophomore class put out three

stars--Hank Pawlaczyk, Bob Kupferer, and Bob Phalen. They made quite a name for themselves on the diamond.

But the time came when it was necessary to put away the war clubs and baseballs and get back to our studying.

In our spring activities our class with the other three classes had a concert under the direction of our music teacher, Miss Margaret Bliss. Phalen, Rice, and Henry Wasik were chosen to sing. Bob and Bill rendered solos while Henry was one of a Barbershop-Quartet. After the concert we found that we also had some "Sinatras" in our class.

Bill Rice and Barbara Sevigny made Prize Speaking this year and for the second year in a row a member of our class, none other than Bill Rice, took the honors. Billy came out with a hilarious selection called "Piustupi Pendulano" that kept the audience in stitches. It was a monologue with an Italian dialect. After it was all over no one had to wait for the judges' verdict, for we all knew that Bill had outshone everyone on the stage. Bill really deserved this honor and we were all proud of him.

Exams over, once again we wearily plowed out for our hard-earned vacation.

* * * * *

September 11, 1947. What a year that was to be! We soon discovered that the junior year would not be a cinch. In fact, I think we agree on its being the toughest. But, since we are the Class of 1949, we did not allow heavier responsibilities to stand in the way of dances, games, extra-curricular activities, and extra-curricular activities.

The class officers for this year were as following:

President - Bob Kupferer
Vice-President - John Fitz Gerald
Sec. and Treas. - Betsy Covalt

It was in our junior year that we said "hello" to two pretty new teachers--Miss Jean Bernardin and Miss Florence Lynch. W.R.H.S. was a new experience for them as this was their first year at teaching.

This year Pauline Duskiewicz, and Betsy Covalt were added to the Cheering Squad. With snappy new uniforms the squad made a record of cheering 18 out of 21 games.

Our football team was not so successful this year. The juniors on the team were Phalen, Anderson, Pawlaczyk, Putnam, Smyrski, Henry Wasik, and McCormack. We are proud to say that a member from our class, Henry Wasik, was chosen for the Marble Valley All-Star Team.

Again basketball season crept up on us. To some it seemed to take its time. Our team shone out again, walking away with the State "B" Championship. Our class was honored to have Henry Pawlaczyk in the line up. This year proved to be the most outstanding season in our history. We not only won the "B" Championship, but sent our team and cheerleaders to the Boston Gardens. The game was a close one, but we lost in the end by 5 points. We had tried and were proud to have had the privilege of showing ourselves to Boston. Both the team and the cheerleaders did a wonderful job, and a good time was had by all.

Baseball season followed and we, juniors, had Kupferer, Pawlaczyk, Putnam, Phalen, and Bartlett out there swinging and pitching.

Of course we can't leave out the Athletic Association Play. Lucy Lee, Phalen, Rice, Kramarz, and Barb Sevigny were seen in "A Case of Springtime."

Bernie Lincoln was chosen for Girls' State and Ed McCormack and Alan Anderson for Boy's State. We know they represented us well and profited a lot out of the experience.

Prize Speaking time seemed to be on us soon, which meant the year was about over. Barbara Sevigny was our only contestant in the contest this year. We were proud of Barbara's performance.

And as the summer breezes blew in the studyhall windows, we blew out.

It was September again. Now, three years older and three years wiser, we approached the last lap. We wondered at this, for we knew this was our last and perhaps fatal step.

We started off the year in Miss Hinchey's homeroom. We were all going to do our very best while we had the chance.

Class elections produced the following results:

President - Stanley Smyrski
Vice-Pres. - Stella Pawlaczyk
Secretary - Antionette Tade
Treasurer - Henry Wasik

The Athletic Play was soon under way with the following stars casted: Toni Tade, Walter Kramarz, William Rice, Stan Smyrski, Lucy Lee, and Edmund McCormack in "Roberta and the Bandit."

Football produced Symrski, Anderson, McCormack, Pawlaczyk, Phalen, and Putnam, our old stand-bys. Henry Wasik now moved into the position of manager of football and was assisted in basketball by Ed McCormack.

Basketball season was a little tougher this year, but we pulled through. We entered the "B" tournament to play our best game against Poultney. Our next game was St. Michael's of Brattleboro. It was a hard fight, but we finally lost to them by five points.

Henry Pawlaczyk was chosen as center and captain on the Tournament Team.

On this trying team we had Kupferer, Phalen, and Bartlette moving up to Hank Pawlaczyk for the line up. And ready and willing to go in was Joe Wasik.

Spring again and time for the senior play. Asuitable one was chosen showing the troubles of a senior boy between his girlfriend and graduation.

"Love Troubles Tommy" starred Walter Kramarz, Barbara Sevigney, Bob Phalen, Pauline Duszkievicz, Stan Smyrski, Lucy Lee, Betsy Covalt, Barbara Flory, Antionette Tade, Edmund McCormack, and Maurice Bartlett. It is the first time on record that Mr. Robillard did not pull his hair and casts hair out before the performance.

Baseball season came and went with a score of wins. Phalen, Kupferer, Bartlett, Pawlaczyk, Kramarz, and J. Wasik played their last season of baseball at West Hi.

A spring concert was on our schedule for May 19th. Ninety students were in the Glee Club with the proceeding seniors participating: Robert Phalen, Henry Wasik, Edmund McCormack, John Fitzgerald, Walter Kramarz, Robert Kupferer, William Rice, Stanley Smyrski, Marie Berg, Genevieve Budnicki, Betsy Covalt, Pauline Duszkievicz, Therese Kapusta, Therese Maszuba, Lucy Lee, Bernice Lincoln, Jane Orzech, Stella Pawlaczyk, Therese Reczek, Barbara Sevigny, Theresa Sivicki, and Antoinette Tade. The concert was a great success with quite a few of our seniors giving solos and what not.

Our last days were here. Prize speaking popped up soon and our class had Barbara Sevigny, Edmund McCormack, and Antoinette Tade giving orations.

The formal came and went after the busy exam week. Class picnics, with sunburns and full stomachs, were on the last minute agenda.

Graduation meant our high school days are over and a wonderful four years behind. What will the future hold?

Betsy Covalt
Walter Kramarz

OUR ABC'S

A-is for Anderson, with GMJC is not bored.
 B-stands for Bartlett, in basketball scored.
 C-is for Covalt, the cheerleaders--too.
 D-for Duskiewicz, the letters are not few.
 E-is for Edmund, he never is blue.
 F-for Flory and Fitzgerald, just smiling thru.
 G-is for Gen Budnicki and Godek as well.
 H-is for Henry Pawlaczyk, one never can tell---?
 I-is for interesting, our class is always in a whirl.
 J-is for Jane Pilch, a quiet litte girl.
 K-is for Kramarz, Kupferer, Kapusta and Kaszuba. Oh Gee!
 A group that is full of fun and always carefree.
 L-takes in Lincoln and also Lucy Lee.
 M-is for our one and only Marie.
 N-stands for Nicknames--plentiful in this class.
 One for each lad and charming lass.
 O-is for Jane Orzech, a whiz on the dance floor.
 P-is for Putnam and Phalen--need we say more???
 Q-is for questions, now is not the time.
 R-takes in Reczek, Rice, Rosmus--a threesome so fine.
 S-for Stella, Sabatino, Smyrski, Sivicki, Sevigny and Salengo--
 we have them all.
 T-is for Toni Tade, who's not very tall.
 U-is for the unforgettable us.
 V-is for Victory, over which we made a fuss.
 W-stands for Wasiks and wishes left to the "HIGH".
 X-marks the spot where our future must lie.
 Y-is for yes, on our way we must start.
 Z-is the end, we do have to part.

Lucy Lee

'48 NEWS '49

WILL WE EVER FORGET:

The day Bob Phalen came to school with a "cleaver cut"?
 Betsy Covalt's passion for opening the nearest window?
 Pet Kramarz---back view---leaving the English class in a
 hurry?
 Maurice Bartlett's and John Fitz Gerald's struggle in French?
 The day Ginka Budnicki got six letters?
 The look Mr. Zawistoski gave Anderson when he walked into geo?
 Mr. Hinchey's amazement the day he saw the yearbook complete?
 Stan Smyrski's daily epistles?
 Bernie Lincoln's quiet attitude?
 Toni Tade's - - - - - jokes?
 Billy Rice's choice remarks?
 Stan's orange socks?
 The time Lucy Lee walked out of the studyhall and got called
 back?
 The battle with the printers ink one night after school?
 Edmund McCormack's foolish laughter?
 Miss Bernardins assignments?
 Mike's friendly greeting to everyone?

HUMOR

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

They eat, they sleep, they talk.....Freshmen
 Good to the last drop.....Mr. Sevigny's stories
I'd walk a mile for a Chesterfield.....Mr. Robillard
 The best yet.....the seniors
 Get yours today.....the yearbook
 See him - hear him.....Bobby Joe
 Static free.....Betsy
 Only choice.....W. R. H. S.
 It pays.....to study
 There's no better time.....than June 16th
 Fragile.....Mr. Hinchey
 This one stands out.....Bill Rice
 A wonderful new experience.....the senior's future
 A really swell dish.....Miss Bernardin
 Night and day, at home or away.....Lucy and Stan
 Small but nice.....Miss Hinchey
They're off.....the juniors
 Looks beautiful.....a diploma
 Stays brighter longer.....Barbara Sevigny
 Feel fresh as the.....sophomores
 Look where you're going.....Jughead

Betsy Covalt



who me?



hang on--



handsome

Just SnapS



no peekin'



see ya later--



closer--



cleanup--

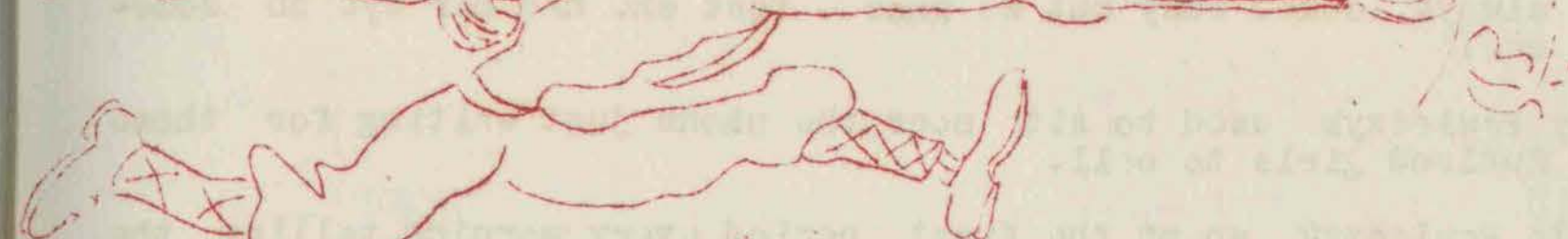


let's go--



hi- there --

PASTIMES



Alan Anderson spent much of his time explaining about the night before. It really needed no explanation, Alan.

Maurice Bartlett sat dreaming of what he could do in basketball if there were more of him.

Marie Berg spent most of her time in the study hall tending to her lessons.

Genevieve Budnicki was forever busy as a stylist for her friends. We admired the smart ensembles---from the washable buttons and bows originals to the frosted pastel organdies.

Elizabeth Covalt found it very interesting in driving that "thunder" bolt" car. In a few years you will stand a good chance in the hell-driving business, Betsy.

Pauline Duskiwicz enjoyed herself immensely on our colorful West Side Cheering Squad. We always thought Pauline looked cute in the pretty yellow uniform.

John Fitzgerald was always looking for his homework-----???

Barbara Flory amused herself at the local theatre, or was it the Glensfall's theatre, Barb?

Michael Godek was continually going to the movies. Educational, you know.

Theresa Kapusta could be seen yelling herself hoarse at our basketball games. She really took the game to heart.

Theresa Kaszuba could be found at Seward's any Sunday night. Reason?

Walter Kramerz was often contemplating on which is easier---having Bev do the driving or taking lessons.

Robert Kupferer tried awfully hard and quite successfully to use up all his energy during school.

Lucy Lee seemed to enjoy answering those certain daily letters.

Bernice Lincoln had a reputation as an ideal 4-H leader.

Edmund McCormack enjoyed his spare time planning the next prank he would play on one of his classmates. Say kids, don't you think it's time we played one on him?

Jane Orzech spent most of her spare time in senior Home Room. She always looked busy but we know that she had her eye on someone.

Henry Pawlaczky used to sit near the phone just waiting for those Rutland girls to call.

Stella Pawlaczky spent the first period every morning telling the girls the events of the night before.

Robert Phalen spent most of his time making a pest of himself. He seemed right in his element when he was bothering someone.

Jane Pilch could usually be seen taking her Sunday afternoon strolls on Clarendon Ave. Was it really to see her sister?

John Putman wondered where all the time flew from the time he got up till he dashed into the Senior Home Room.

Theresa Roczek spent many happy hours immersed in the classics-----
"Calling All Girls", "Screen Romances", and "Seventeen".

William Rice, unknowingly of course, gave his mother many trying times wondering just why he hadn't shown up for dinner yet. The answer in simple, Billy was so studious he sometimes forgot to go home.

John Rosmus spent the greater part of his time cruising around.

Samuel Sabatino seemed to find life backwards---slept in the daytime, and stayed up all night.

Stanley Salengo was always hunting and feeding the minks.

Barbara Sevigney spent many long hours trying to find out how it was possible to win a game of solitaire.

Theresa Sivicki passed her time away deciding who would be her next victim.

Stanley Smyrski must have really enjoyed those many pleasant hours after school?

Antionette Tade's pastime was writing poems and cracking jokes which were quite interesting to the senior boys.

Henry Wasik spent many spare moments arguing with Betsy over one thing or another.

Joseph Wasik was forever ready with a smile for anyone.

Elizabeth Covalt
Robert Kupferer



Barb Flory labored
at the local tele-
phone exchange----



Walter Kramerz stayed
after school-----



Barb Sevigney
sold tickets
at the "Joy"--



"Hap" Bartlett
brewed messes
in the "chem"
laboratory---



"Stan" Smyrski
and "Luc" Lee
were good pals



"Hank" Pawlaczky
starred on the
ball diamond---

Autographs

PRESENTATIONS

- Alan Anderson--A bottle of Bromo Seltzer. You always did complain of a weak head on Monday mornings, Swede.
- Maurice Bartlett--A spark plug. Just so you'll never lose that pep you displayed on the basketball court.
- Marie Berg--A tractor. You may need some help with the daily chores in the future.
- Gen Budnicki--A diamond ring. Of course it's only an imitation, but as a reminder, we think it will do.
- Betsy Covalt--A dime--donated by the Senior Class towards a new Ford. By the looks of the old one, we hope it won't be long now.
- Pauline Duskiewicz--A green truck. Sorry we can't make it look the real thing, but we know you'll understand.
- John Fitzgerald--The cutest little farmhouse around. Hope you like it, Fitz.
- Barbara Flory--A piece of marble. Incidentally Barb, it comes from the Clarendon quarry.
- Mike Godek--Several yeast cakes. You too can be tall, Mike.
- Theresa Kapusta--A booklet on "How to Control One's Temper at a Basketball Game."
- Theresa Kaszuba--A bus ticket to Rutland. It's much safer by bus you know.
- Walter Kramarz--A new and different murder mystery. They'll always be your weakness, won't they Pet?
- Bob Kupferer--A bright red firetruck---to remind you of those flashy orange socks you wore frequently.
- Lucy Lee--A bottle of Peroxide. This may convince you that some wishes do come true.
- Bernice Lincoln--Several tubes of lipstick---to help you choose the right shade when the time comes.
- Ed McCormack--A ham sandwich. Just in case you get hungry, Ed!
- Jane Orzeck--A box of Kleenex. Now you can cry over Mike, all you want.
- Henry Pawlaczyk--A "Do Not Disturb" sign. Hank was always interrupted while studying.
- Stella Pawlaczyk--A card of hair curlers. They're certainly a lot easier to keep track of than bobbie pins, Stella.
- Bob Phalen--A picture of W.R.H.S.---to remind him of his high school days.
- Jane Pilch--A copy of the latest "True Romance" magazine. You don't have on already do you, Jane.
- Jack Putman--A speedometer. You broke many world records on your way to school, Putty. We certainly wish you'd stay within the speed limit.
- Theresa Reczek--An ad for "Gone With the Wind". You don't happen

to remember a certain night and a certain friend, do you. But of course, how could you ever forget.

Bill Rice--A lock for your lunch box--to keep out those hungry rats.(???????????)

John Rosmus--A lock of red hair. It was by no means clipped from a cocker spaniel, either.

Sam Sabatino--A bottle of "stay-awake" pills. We often wondered how you managed to do it, Sab.

Stanley Salengo--A bear trap. Another one for your collection.

Barbara Sevigny--A special diet. What was the object of getting thinner, Barb.

Theresa Sivicki--A little black book. What a predicament you'd be in, if all those dates should by chance be mixed up.

Stan Smyrski--A flashlight--Now you can find your way home on those certain nights.

Toni Tade--A blue ribbon. It certainly will match with those blue eyes and those blonde curls.

Henry Wasik--A deck of marked cards. Maybe you can win a game on John.

Joe Wasik--A new bicycle. It'll be O.K. now to ride all over without waking half of New England.

Mr. Hinchey--A special remembrance from our class.

Mr. Sevigny--A pamphlet on the latest style's in women's hats. You can laugh to your hearts content.

Mr. Robillard--A vacation folder, to Niagara Falls, of course.

Mr. Zawistowski--A bow tie to match his personality.

Miss Bliss--A paint brush and can of paint. You can get busy any day you choose and re-decorate your room.

Miss Hinchey--A map, perhaps not the best in the world, to replace the ones she wore out trying to explain to her various history classes the finer points of that subject.

Miss Wysolmerski--A magnifying glass to find all the mistakes in this yearbook.

Miss Bernardin--A shorthand pad. You certainly had a class of experts this year, didn't you Miss Bernardin?

Miss Lynch--A large size pie tin. The girls always did complain of the junior size pies.

Miss Dwyer--A package of tongue blades and swabs to use on ensuing classes.

Mr. Hyjek--A picture of our class to put in the boiler room so you will never forget us.

Stanley Smyrski



Will

Before we, the Class of '49, go to join the great alumni of West Rutland High, we wish to give our special talents to those who need them.

I, Allen Anderson, will to Ernest Cyr my position as patrol on the Teacher's College beat. Remember, Ernie, they are taught to correct homework, not to do it.

I, Maurice Bartlett, leave my ability to make good on the basketball team to Edward Gallagher. Don't let your height be a handicap to you Eddie, I overcame it.

I, Marie Berg, hand over my quiet manner to Mary Buckey. You will have to go a long way to do so, Mary, but don't give up---you'll get there yet.

I, Genevieve Budnicki, give my ability to get a good looking man to Coleene Sorrentino. I hope you have the luck I did.

I, Betsy Covalt, will my friendly smile to Elizabeth Hewitt. You have a good start, Betty.

I, Pauline Duskiewicz, transmit my friendliness to Lucy Jankowski. It will win you many friends, Lou.

I, John FitzGerald, donate my "easy does it" way to Joe Kasprzak. Don't hurry or worry so much Caspar; my diploma is good evidence.

I, Barbara Flory, endow Mary Jane Montgomery with my loyalty to one man. Notice Mary Jane: "To One Man."

I, Michael Godek, will my ability to keep quiet, cool, and collected to Lorraine Sevigny. Maybe this will prevent some of those after-the-game scenes next year, Lorraine.

I, Theresa Kapusta, leave my sister Irene and my brother Frank.

I, Theresa Kaszuba, leave my seat in the Senior Home Room to Pauline Kempisti. Now that I'm leaving, Pauline, you will have some memories of me during the day.

I, Walter Kramarz, in order that my humor will never be forgotten, will to Joseph Warzoha the title of Class Pest No. 1. Lots of slang and a fresh supply of wrong answers will be useful to you, Joe.

I, Shan Kupferer, bequeath my ability to take a ribbing to Jimmy Leamy. I hope that you won't have so much trouble next year, "Spike."

I, Lucy Lee, leave my cheering ability to Beverly Johnson. Be sure to practice every day Beverly; I always did.

I, Bernice Lincoln, will my easy-going disposition to Cathy Fitzsimmons. A good asset, Cathy.

I, Mirund McCormack, leave my herculean build to Richard Jankowski. Maybe you can use my "Irish" curls also.

I, Jane Orzeck, leave Mike to Irene O'Bara.

I, Henry Pawlaczyk, leave my place at Coles to Frank Kapusta. Hope you have as much fun there as I did, Frank.

I, Stella Pawlaczyk, bequeath my overloaded locker to Theresa Potowniak. I figure you should be the one with poor Locker 98.

I, Robert Phalen, leave my job as school chauffeur to anyone Mr. Hinchey chooses except Mary Jane Montgomery. I feel that Mary Jane's "near-hit method" may at one time become a "near-miss experience."

I, Jane Pilch, leave my knowledge of Economics to the coming senior class.

I, John Putman will to Mary Catherine Phalen my ability to stay out of trouble. You never heard of me in hysterics over anything, did you, Mary?

I, Theresa Reczek, bequeath my diplomatic ways to Marilyn Hardy. You will have to start in right to keep up with me, Marilyn.

I, William Rice, leave to Sonny Rogers my seat next to Alvera Toth on the Castleton bus. I also appoint Richard Murphy to keep Mr. Robillard in voice. Good luck, Richard.

I, John Rosmus, leave my hunting ability to Lucien Bartlett. I hear you are a very good shot, Lucien.

I, Sammy Sabatino, will to Timmer LaPlaca the knowledge I have gained about tangling with women drivers. Remember, Tom, DeSoto fenders are rather large.

I, Stanley Salengo, leave an English pad to anyone in the coming class who will get as much use out of it as I did.

I, Barbara Sevigny, will my studious nature to my brother David.

I, Theresa Siwicki, bequeath my sophisticated manner to Mary Ann Sabotka. You don't have to go too far, Mary Ann.

I, Stanley Smyrski, will my record of tardy marks to George Lane. I hear, George, that you have a good chance of beating it.

I, Antionette Tade, leave my oh-so-many joke books to George Pritchard. I hope you can remember them as well as I did.

I, Henry Wasik, will my well-groomed look as a mark of distinction to the students of W.R.H.S.

I, Joseph Wasik, leave the steel-plates on my shoes to Mr. Zawistowski so that Joe LaPlaca can hear him coming. Maybe you can sit in the same seat a whole study-period, Joe.

The senior class bequeaths to Miss Bernardin a new Royal typewriter to replace the one worn out trying to get this yearbook finished.

The seniors will to Miss Bliss a more intelligent Latin class in the future. Now, Miss Bliss, you won't be so tired when 3:15 comes.

The senior class bequeaths to Mr. Robillard and Miss Lynch a bungalow in Northern Whipple-Hollow. This bungalow will be haunted by the class of '49.

We, the senior class, leave Miss Hinchey a more sedate, dignified, and mannerly senior class for the coming year. (We hope this is true for your sake, Miss Hinchey.)

We, the chemists of '49, leave the hope that Mr. Hinchey can retain his quiet, cool, and unflustered manner dur-

ing ensuing chemistry classes. It was a bit trying with us, wasn't it, Mr. Hinchey?

Miss Wysolmerski's legacy from this outgoing senior class is a silencer for her unruly radiator. Maybe you will be able to hear all the wrong answers now.

We, the seniors, represented in the Economics class, leave Mr. Sevigny and his good sense of humor. We will miss you Mr. Sevigny, and we hope you will give your next Economics class as many laughs as you gave us.

To Mr. Zawistowski, the senior class leaves any possible methods he might find to inculcate the principles of higher mathematics into the heads of those who follow us in '50, '51, and '52.

To Miss Dwyer we will our rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes in appreciation of the interest shown to keep us healthy.

To the freshman class we will the athletic field. If you keep that in good condition, you will develop the necessary strength to pull you thru W.R.H.S. Physical and mental co-ordination is the key to success.

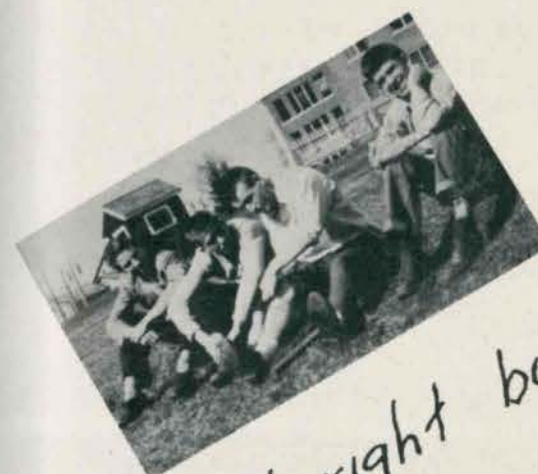
To the sophomore class we leave a talking machine. There always did seem to be a contest as to which of these students talk the most, but we hope this machine can win-- it runs ten hours non-stop.

To the junior class we bequeath the permanent spring fever which we always seemed to have. Hope you can get your work done as well as we did.

Pauline Duskiewicz
John Fitzgerald



ridin' high



that right bob?



still life

Watch the birdie



out on a limb--



whatcha doin'?



ain't we cute?



c'mon boys--



err'ybody here?



waiting--



It is a quite day at St. Peter's Palace. There are few applicants for admission into the Place of Eternal Rest---most of the traffic going the other way. St. Peter, therefore, is taking it easy; his halo is lying on the table beside him and, with no work to do, he soon drops off to sleep.

All is silent except for the occasional whirling of wings in the distance.....

Suddenly the peaceful air of Paradise is filled with noise and confusion. Angels scatter, hither and yon, and St. Peter starts out of his slumber---Grabbing his halo and adjusting it hurriedly, he dashes out of his palace and, keys jingling, runs down to the Pearly Gates. Arriving at his post he climbs the stairs to the look-out tower and swiftly adjusts his telescope.....what does he see. Much to his amazement his telescope shows thirty-three ex-mortals peddling furiously in his direction. Casting aside his telescope, he descends from his tower to stop them before they break through the gate. Muttering to himself and tuning his harp he opens his guest book and makes ready to greet them.....

"Hey, where's St. Peter?"

Another voice echoes the call and soon pandemonium is loose---Shrieking and yelling these thirty-three applicants for admission to St. Peter's Finishing School for Deceased Mortals make it known that they want to be admitted and no funny business either.

At this precise moment a bugle call is heard in the distance---St. Peter looks at his watch and then shouts to motley assemblage:

"Sorry folks, but that's Gabriel taking for dinner---gotta go see you later, and if you should see a fellow with horns dash-

ing around with a pitchfork, you had better go peacefully, because I'm sure, according to the way you've been acting, that you were never intended for wings and harps-----

With these thoughts in mind St. Peter departed for dinner----- leaving behind him the poor creatures who, a moment before were so sure they would soon be viewing Heaven from the inside.

"He's got a lot of nerve," says one of the lot, "what does he think we are anyway?"

"I know what let's do," says another; "let's sneak in!!"

"Splendid idea," everyone agrees; "but how are we going to do it????"

(At this point perhaps it would be a good idea to explain who these characters are----The ringleader is Elizabeth Covalt---during her high school days quite athletic and socially-minded. She has since her graduation, been a chorus girl in the Phalen Follies----- and now she is self-appointed ringleader to the terrible thirty-three. It was her voice that suggested sneaking in. Her assistant and partner in crime is her old classmate Lucy Beatrice Low who was, in her earthly life--Lilly Beatrice--hat designer and skirt-lengthener to the first woman president--none other than Barbara Flory. Miss Flory was elected unanimously by both the Republican and Democratic parties in 2016, and had served six terms up to her death in 2032. Others in the lot are: Bob Phalen, organizer and master-mind behind the Phalen Follies, successor to Billy Rose and multi-millionaire; Robert Kupferer---president of the Green Mountain Marble Company; Bert Putman, Assistant Secretary of State under John Fitzgerald--originator of the Fitzgerald Plan and a great philanthropist as well as statesman; Maurice Bartlett, chief chemist for Johns-Manville and developer of the famous whiskey which is guaranteed not to intoxicate; Antionette Tade and Theresa Kaszuba, rival motion picture columnists and commentators who took up where Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons left off; Barbara Sevigny, first woman to fly to the planet Mars---Joe Wasik, the pilot of the plane which took Barb on her historic flight; Henry Wasik, the governor of Vermont; and ex-senator; Walter Kramarz, editor of "True Confessions", and "Movie Love" magazines; Stan Smyrski, television star and author of "Forever-Slumber"; Samuel Sabatino--famed explorer--A.H. Anerson, Army Chief of Staff and custodian of the atomic bomb. Theresa Sivicki, Theresa Reezek, and Theresa Kapusta are well-known to television and radio audiences as the Tossy Trio--sponsored by Belchy Dog Food. Stanley Salongo, formerly in charge of Salongo's Messy Minkery--- Henry Pawlaczky, basketball coach at West Rutland High School----- John Rosmus and Michael Godek, bakers of Rosmus' Bulgy Buns in the same town of West Rutland; Edmund McCormack--Chief of Naval Affairs at the Lake Bomoseen Training School; Jane Pilch, hairdresser and co-owner of the Pilch-Lincoln Beauty Saloon; the other member of the duo being Bernice Lincoln. Marie Berg---professor of Home Economics at Vassar, and Pauline Duskiewicz, General Manager of the Style Department of Stern's Store in Rutland, Vermont.

After conferring together for a few moments the group decides to try to scale the wall. Led by energetic Elizabeth Covalt they form a human ladder and succeed in getting over the top-----that is everyone except William Rice; he, being on the bottom of the ladder is left behind.

The wall scaled; everyone is eager to see the sights. Just as they are getting ready to tour Heaven, they see a big door with a sign on it in some unreadable language.

"What can that mean?" asks Barb Flory.

"I don't know," answers explorer Sabatino; "let's investigate--so, proceeding cautiously they open the door and peer inside. All that is revealed is a small room with what appears to be a switch on the wall---Cavalt, the ringleader, as usual, pulls the switch and the whole room begins to descend-----

down

down

down


down

down

down

And when the elevator stops these people find themselves standing on a cloud in the middle of nowhere-----And, off in the distance, and quite inaccessible---is a little man smiling benignly down on them and jingling his keys.....

William Rice
Joseph Wasik



We Wonder

Where Anderson gets his bright remarks?
 Why Maurice Bartlett didn't come to W. R. H. S. sooner?
 What Marie Berg has in mind after June?
 How Gen Budnicki got her homework done?
 Where Betsy gets her ability to appear innocent?
 Where Pauline Duskiwicz got the name "Skip"?
 Who signs Johnny Fitzgerald's report cards?
 What Barb Flory would do without him?
 Why Mike Godek is so quiet?
 Why Theresa Kapusta is never sad?
 How Theresa Kaszuba could remember her Chem. Formulas?
 What W. R. H. S. will do without Kramarz in plays?
 What there is about Shan Kupferer that attracts the girls?
 How Lucy Lee snaps her gum?
 How Bernice Lincoln manages her shorthand?
 What Ed McCormack finds so amusing?
 Why Jane Orzech wants to be a private secretary in Granville?
 What the U.S. Navy will do for Hank Pawlaczyk?
 Why Stella Pawlaczyk is a telephone operator?
 Why Bob Phalen can't control his temper?
 Where Jane Pilch gets her hair-do's?
 Where Jack Putnam got his quiet manner?
 Why Theresa Reczek doesn't grow?
 If Walt Disney could use some of Rice's sketches?
 Why John Rosmus is forever in Rutland?
 Why Sammy keeps running into women motorists?
 How many mink Salengo has?
 About Barbara Seigny's secret ambition?
 Where Theresa Sivicky acquired her giggle?
 Where Stan Smyrski finds his snazzy clothes?
 Why Toni Tade is referred to as "Tomorrow"?
 What Jughead Wasik would do without Terry's?
 If Joe Wasik could use a few more inches?

Lucy Lee
 Betsy Covalt



OUR DREAM PARADE

Alan Anderson-----Galway Bay
 Maurice Bartlett-----Sunflower
 Marie Berg-----Powder Your Face With Sunshine
 Gen Budnicki-----Body and Soul
 Betsy Covalt-----Because
 Pauline Duskiwicz-----My Darling, My Darling
 John Fitzgerald-----Careless
 Barbara Flory-----You Were Meant For Me
 Mike Godek-----She's Too Fat For Me
 Theresa Kapusta-----Until
 Theresa Kaszuba-----Pussy Cat Song
 Walter Kramarz-----Bumble Boogie
 Bob Kupferer-----Red Roses For A Blue Lady
 Lucy Lee-----So In Love
 Bernice Lincoln-----One Has My Heart, The Other Has My Name
 Ed McCormack-----Freckles
 Jane Orzech-----Cruising Down The River
 Henry Pawlaczyk-----Smoke Gets in Your Eyes
 Stella Pawlaczyk-----You Can't Be True Dear
 Bob Phalen-----It's A Most Unusual Day
 Jane Pilch-----Lavender Blue
 Jack Putnam-----When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
 Theresa Reczek-----Little White Lies
 Bill Rice-----As Time Goes By
 John Rosmus-----Cigareets, Whiskey and Wild, Wild Women?
 Sam Sabatino-----Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning
 Stanley Salengo-----Life Gets Tedious, Don't It
 Barbara Seigny-----Far Away Places
 Theresa Sivicky-----Open The Door, Richard
 Stan Smyrski-----Stormy Weather
 Antoinette Tade-----Nothing But
 Henry Wasik-----I Wish I Knew
 Joe Wasik-----Snatch and Grab It

Lucy Lee
 Betsy Covalt



ODE TO THE CHEERLEADERS

Six sweet lassies, dressed in yellow and green,
They had the spirit to cheer for their team.
Always grinning and always feeling fine--
To them, Westside was first in line.

They led the cheers and couldn't have been prouder,
No other cheering squad could have yelled any louder.
They practiced daily, without a rest,
And at every game, by far did their best.

"Hurrray for the Team and Coach Hinchey, too."
They, as well as us, must follow thru.
From "HOLD THAT LINE" to "HIP, HIP, HOORAY".
They knew that Westside was really okay.

Lucy Lee

CHEERLEADERS



Genevieve Budnicki
Lucy Lee
Pauline Duskwicz
Mary Jane Montgomery
Beverly Johnson
Pauline Orzeck

SENIOR PLAY CAST

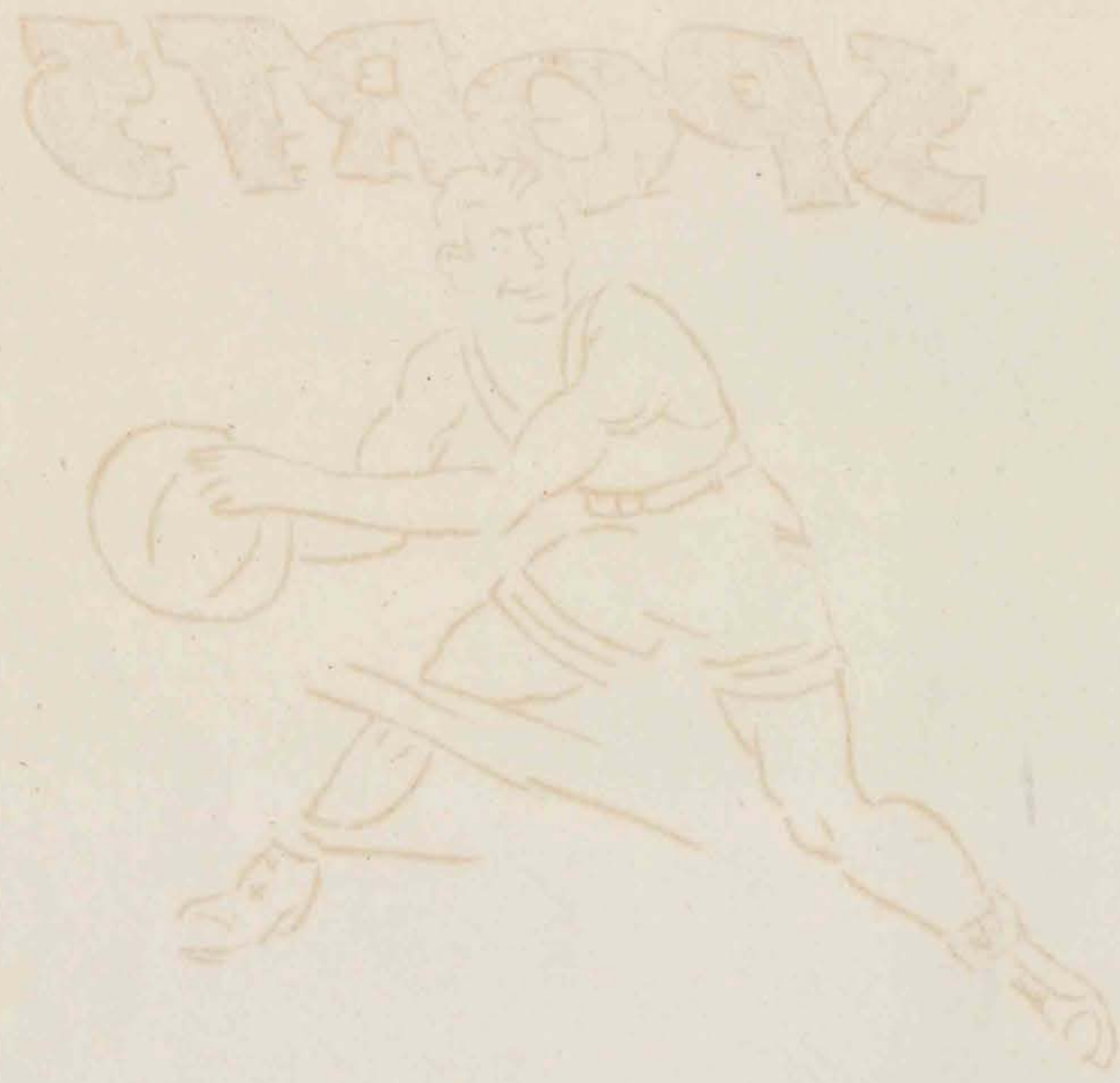


Elizabeth Covalt
Barbara Flory
Lucy Lee
Barbara Seigny
Antionette Tade
Pauline Duskwicz
Walter Kramarz
Robert Phalen
Maurice Bartlett
Stanley Smyrski
William Rice
Edmund McCormack

SPORTS



James	James
Frank	Frank
Walter	Walter
John West	John West
David, David	David, David
Donald, Donald	Donald, Donald
John, John	John, John
Edward, Edward	Edward, Edward
Robert, Robert	Robert, Robert
William, William	William, William
Robert, Robert	Robert, Robert
Kerry, Kerry	Kerry, Kerry
Thomas, Thomas	Thomas, Thomas



FOOTBALL



Henry Pawlaczyk
Stanley Smyrski
Joseph Burns
Alan Anderson
John Putnam
Edmund McCormack
William Harrison
James Leamy
Clark Potter
Joseph Pluta
John Reznik
Francis Baginski
Robert Phalen

Thomas LaPlaca
Frank Kapusta
Walter Jankowski
John Frac
David Sevigny
Ronald Potter
John McCormack
Raymond McNamara
Robert Noonan
William Jarrosiak
Robert Johnson
Henry Poploski
Theodore Hector

Mgr.. Henry Wasik

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

	WRHS	OPPONENT
Fair Haven	0	0
Proctor	0	19
Woodstock	0	6
Brandon (Cancelled)	-	-
Middlebury	6	6
Poultney	14	32
Burr & Burton	7	14

BASKETBALL



Robert Kupferer
Robert Phalen
Henry Pawlaczyk
Maurice Bartlett
Francis Baginski
Mgr. Henry Wasik

John Reznik
Frank Kapusta
Joseph Pluta
Walter Jankowski
Joseph Wasik
Asst. Mgr. McCormack

SCHEDULE

	WRHS	Opponent
St. Michaels	43	22
Poultney	33	29
Proctor	54	44
Proctor	34	21
Mount Saint Joseph	36	41
Brattleboro	39	48
Rutland	20	29
Springfield	32	43
Hartford	67	43
Windsor	43	35
Bellows Falls	48	55
Brattleboro	42	44
Rutland	29	37
Springfield	33	36
Hartford	84	36
Windsor	46	39
Bellows Falls	34	33
Mount Saint Joseph	26	33
Tournament		
West Rutland 54		Poultney 31
West Rutland 32		St. Michaels 39

BASEBALL



Walter Kramarz
Robert Phalen
Henry Pawlaczyk
Joseph Wasick
Maurice Bartlett
Robert Kupferer

Frank Kapusta
Walter Jankowski
Robert Charbonneau
Joseph Pluta
Francis Baginski

Thomas LaPlaca
James Leamy
Theodore Hector
James Mumford
Valentine Kaszuba
John McCormack

Raymond McNamara Mgr.

SCHEDULE

	WRHS	OPPONENT
Wallingford	4	6
Ludlow	4	5
Burr & Burton	5	2
Pittsford	24	5
Brandon	14	6
Mt. St. Joseph		
Fair Haven		
Middlebury		
Proctor		
Poultney		
Mt. St. Joseph		

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and
S. S. Wysolmerski, D.D.S.

Compliments of

CLASS OF 1949

To the Readers of This Publication:

On the preceding pages we have introduced various business concerns, alumni and friends who have made it possible for our class to publish this year book.

Our sincere hope is to return this wholehearted support whenever possible.

May we urge our readers to patronize them also.

Sincerely,

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